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Tower Hill Summer School

1903—FOURTEENTH SEASON—1903

President, THOMAS R. LLOYD JONES. **Vice President, REV. R. E. OLMSTEAD.**
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JULY 19 TO AUGUST 23.

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NORMAL CLASS IN RELIGION.

THE FLOWERING OF CHRISTIANITY INTO UNIVERSAL RELIGION.—Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Leader.

Twenty-five half hours. Every forenoon, 10:30 to 11 a. m.; five days in the week.

This will be the last year's study in the seven years' course on Religion, the preparation for which was the original purpose that called this Summer School into being. The work will be based on the studies, experience, books, charts, maps, stereopticon slides and lectures used in the actual Normal Class, Bible Class and Sunday School Class of All Souls Church, Chicago, during the year ending June, 1903. Many of the leading subjects in the course will be treated in the evening lecture with several stereopticon reviews. It will not be a "touch and go," but a "touch and return." The effort will be to make the topics hang together so as to leave the impression of a related whole. It will not be "studying Europe from the top of Mont Blanc," but Ruskin's "introduction of the world to the child through the story of five great cities."

The aim will be to give parents, Sunday School and day school teachers the methods, as well as the matter for teaching that which is too much omitted, even by the college trained and those who are interested in morals and religion.

PROGRAM:

About Twelve of these Subjects will be Treated as Evening Lectures.

A. Protestantism; Orthodox Christianity.

Erasmus, 1465-1536; **Luther,** 1483-1540; **Henry the VIII,** 1491-1547; Melancthon, 1497-1560; **Calvin,** 1509-1564; **Knox,** 1505-1572; **The Puritans; Fox,** 1624-1691; Swedenborg, 1688-1772; **Wesley,** 1703-1791.

B. Protestantism; Liberal Christianity—Unitarianism and Universalism.

Servetus, 1511-1553; **The Socini:** Laelius, 1525-1562; Faustus, 1539-1604; In Transylvania, **Francis David:** in Wales, Jenkin Jones; in England, **Joseph Priestley,** 1733-1804; in America, **William Ellery Channing,** 1780-1842; **Hosea Ballou,** 1771-1852; **Theodore Parker,** 1810-1860.

C. The Enlargement by Art.

The Artists of the Reformation. Duerer, Holbein and the Cranacks; Kaulback's Era of the Reformation (Illustrated).

D. The Enlargement by Science.

Copernicus, 1473-1543; Sir Isaac Newton, 1642-1727; Sir Charles Lyell, 1797-1875; **Darwin,** 1809-1882.

E. The Enlargement by Skepticism.

Voltaire. 1694-1778; Rousseau, 1712-1778; **Thomas Paine,** 1737-1809; Thomas Huxley, 1825-1895.

F. The Enlargement by Literature.

Shakespeare, 1564-1616; Goethe, 1749-1832; Shelley, 1792-1822; Wordsworth, 1770-1850; Whittier, 1807-1892; Browning, 1812-1889.

G. The Enlargement by Biblical Science; The Higher Criticism.

George H. Ewald, 1803-1875; Ernest Renan, 1823-1892; Abraham Kuenen, 1828-1891.

H. The Enlargement by the Comparative Study of Religions.

Sir William Jones, 1746 1794; Anquetil Du Perron, 1731-1805; Champollion, 1790-1832; **Max Mueller,** 1823-1901.

I. The Humanitarian Enlargement.

John Howard, 1726-1790; Samuel G. Howe, 1801-1876; Dorothea Dix, 1805-1887; Florence Nightingale, 1820- ; William Lloyd Garrison; Henry Berg; Susan B. Anthony.

J. Socialistic Enlargement, Applied Christianity.

Robert Owen, 1801-1877; John Ruskin, 1819-1901; Henry George, 1839-1900; Lyof Tolstoy, 1828-

K. The Amelioration of Dogma; The New Orthodoxy.

Bishop Colenso, 1814-1833; F. W. Robertson, 1816-1853; **Horace Bushnell,** 1802-1876; Henry Ward Beecher, 1813-1887; Phillips Brooks, 1835-1893.

L. The New Catholicism; Gropings toward Organization across Denominational Lines.

(*a*) **Orthodox—The Board of Foreign Missions, Young Men's Christian Association, Women's Christian Temperance Union, Christian Endeavor Societies.**

(*b*) **Liberal—Free Religious Association, The Parliament of Religions, The Congress of Religion.**

M. Prophets of Universal Religion.

Immanuel Kant, 1724-1804; **Ralph Waldo Emerson,** 1803-1882; **James Martineau,** 1805-1900.

N. Conclusion and Home Applications.

Non-sectarian churches, social institutions, settlements, etc.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

UNITY

VOLUME LI. THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1903. NUMBER 2

The President's unfaltering stand in the case of Dr. Crum, upon his original platform of equal rights before the law and equal privileges of citizenship for every citizen, regardless of the clamor of race prejudice or the snivelings of caste, will be felt as a tonic of courage and self-respect by every member of that much-abused race.

The preacher's one distinguishing function is inspiration. His office is not, primarily, to instruct, but to awaken; not to inform, but to inspire. Nor does this hold any less strongly because much of this inspiration is effected by means of education. Paul rightly insisted that his converts should grow in knowledge as a condition of growth in grace. Truth and goodness walk hand in hand.

Our associate, E. P. Powell, of Clinton, N. Y., in a private note to the secretary of the Congress of Religion, writes:

> My health is such that I should not dare the exposure involved in a March trip. I shall probably go about September, and if I am wanted I will gladly speak at a few places about there in the interest of a broader human faith and love. I shall probably follow your route.

This is a hint in season to the readers of UNITY. Make note of it and write to Mr. Powell or the secretary of the Congress in time.

A prominent U. S. Army officer, after reading C. L. Hammond's "About the Bible:"

> I have enjoyed reading your book very much and am astonished to find how little I knew of the Bible. I passed some years in sectarian schools and have wasted much time listening to expounders of the word. It is not too much to say that out of all these years I never learned a fraction of what I learned from reading your little book. It makes me indignant to think of the cant, hypocrisy and ignorance which are palmed off as religion and which I had to listen to. They disgusted me many years ago but under the healthy inspiration of your book I think I could find interest in pursuing a study of the Bible further.

In the Carnegie Institution at Washington, with its $10,000,000 fund, we bid fair to have what has so long been needed—some practical endowment of *men*. Nearly all bequests, legacies, donations, stipulate for the founding of an institution or the strengthening of one already existent. *Men*, however, make the Institution, and this is a very round-about way of enabling the investigator to do his work. How much genius is thus lost, how much science is retarded, no one may know. It is reasonable to expect great results from the application of this vast sum directly to the task of discovery and verification.

In spite of political rottenness, municipal corruption and a rampant commercialism, we cannot but believe that God is yet to fulfill himself through man in a great future. The ideal of a noble state is before the eyes of the spiritual man, and he is resolutely setting himself to make it real. History is prophetic. It demonstrates that godliness is profitable for the life that now is; it assures that the forces for good are the triumphant forces; and it promises, by all the weight of experience, and all the momentum of the present, that the days are not behind but before us in which the kingdom of God shall be manifest among men in a society delivered from evil.

In the frequent and weighty emphasis laid by the recent convention in the interests of Religious Education on this reaching side of the minister's work, not a word too much was said. This emphasis was fitting in a convention called for the promotion of religious *education*. But education is not in itself sufficient to accomplish the end in view. There is room for another convention, or some quickening agency, for the rousing of the general ministry to wider vision, to loftier ideals for their office, and to an intenser zeal for righteousness in public service as well as private life. After the Prophets of Israel came the Rabbis of Judaism, but from their schools arose no prophet until Saul of Tarsus forsook the precepts of Gamaliel to follow the Life of Jesus of Nazareth.

There is a hopeful sign in the gradual movement of the church toward the people. Within a short time several of the oldest and most prominent of the churches, such as the Broadway Tabernacle and the Madison Square Presbyterian Church in New York, the Park Street Church, old "Brimstone Corner," in Boston, and others, have sold their buildings and sites and are in most cases planning to move only a block or two away, and, with the vast sums received for the old site, erect a modern building adapted to modern conditions and requirements for effective church work, and still have a goodly sum in hand as endowment wherewith to be independent of the rental of pews for carrying on the mission of social and often physical, as well as intellectual and spiritual, redemption needed by the swarming populations surrounding these formerly artistocratic centers of church activity.

Self-realization—not necessity, not lust of acquisition—is the chief spring of human action. Kipling strikes a very deep chord, one resonant with reality, when he describes his heaven-to-be as a condition in which—

> No one shall work for money,
> And none shall work for fame,
> But each for the joy of working.

Though societies founded upon the idea of community of goods have failed in many instances, yet Society is moved today by the efforts of those who do not feel the spur of material need or the impulse of selfish advantage. It is a baseless dread which the name of socialism conjures up in the minds of those who fear lest a nationalization of utilities and industries may occasion,

through removal of the *stimulus a tergo,* the relapse of the multiude into thriftlessness and stagnation. No such social stage can become generally possible beyond the degree to which the centrifugal impulse toward self-expression in work will furnish a counter-check to the centripetal tendencies of the socialistic principle.

In a little pamphlet published by the Macmillan Company, Mr. George P. Brett, president of that firm, makes a strong plea for the abolition of duty on books imported by publishers for sale in this country. Mr. Brett shows this tax upon knowledge to be a needless irritation and obstacle in the way of scholarship, since the revenue derived scarcely more than covers the cost of collection, and, further, that there is little need of this duty as a protection to the American publisher, since removal of the duty, as in the cases of French and German books, has not materially increased their sale.

Apart altogether from the abstract unwisdom of limiting the freest possible interchange of thought and sentiment between the intelligent portions of the different countries, it is inevitable that the practical carrying out of so delicate a task by persons unfamiliar with the subject matter must result in unjust discriminations, arbitrary rulings, and countless vexations, which, in the resulting distrust of the administration of law and dissatisfaction with governmental interference, far outweigh any meager advantages which it appears to have. Some most flagrant instances of this kind are cited by Mr. Brett. We sincerely hope that public attention once directed towards this matter will not be allowed to falter until the needless and harmful law is repealed.

From figures given in the pamphlet mentioned above, we derive the surprising information that the exports of printed matter from the United States to other countries increased nearly 50 per cent during the last four years, reaching a total of considerably more than $4,000,000 in 1902. Meantime, the imports from all countries increased only about 7 per cent. Most surprising of all, Great Britain imports from us almost exactly as many books as we import from her. Sidney Smith is answered.

One can never feel that the possibility of self-government has been fully demonstrated until one sees light upon the problem of an honest city government. It is always by the cities that the nations and governments rise, it is by the cities that they fall. It was a sad story, that of the falling of Minneapolis into the hands of the boodler, but her swift repentance and rise from the mire of her degradation gives hope to him who would believe that municipal government may yet be purified. On the other hand, the tale of the apathy and acquiescence of St. Louis in her own shame leads every thoughtful man to doubt again. When Dr. Parkhurst had won his great fight with Tammany to determine whether law or boodle was strongest in New York, he was invited to speak before a representative gathering of Chicago's citizens and give them some suggestions out of his own experience as to how this city's own Augean stables might be cleaned. His summarizing of the conditions prevailing here were so trenchant, so comprehensive and so keenly analytical of the cause of the trouble that the audience laughd in good-natured recognition of the accuracy of the portrait. The speaker turned sharply upon them with the words, "No city will ever rid itself of corruption so long as its citizens can laugh at the description of its own shame." One feels the truth of this saying anew as one reads the vivid outlining by Lincoln Steffens, in McClure's for March, of "The Shamelessness of St. Louis." His conclusion, from long and close personal study, is: "Minneapolis may fail, as New York has failed; but at least these two cities could be moved by shame. . . . St. Louis is unmoved and unshamed. St. Louis seems to me to be something new in the history of the government of the people, by the rascals, for the rich."

The Struggle to Keep a Soul.

If it were required to summarize man's life history in a single word, that one word must needs be,—struggle. Eon after eon, it was the struggle for *life.* Vegetable microcosms strove with the elements, beast strove with beast, faculty with faculty, form with form, and only in comparatively recent times did man's direct brute ancestry achieve the actual and efficient power to *be.* Strife again, and conflict between impulse and impulse, between feeling and feeling, between the stable and the variable, between reaction and progress, between baser and worthier, until in almost the latest pages of his life record it is written,—*Man* is. The existing brute has become a living *soul.*

The first part of the battle has been won. The aggressive campaign has been measurably successful. Life is possible now to most—if willing to pay the price. The struggle is not even strictly for bread; most of the toiling millions are fairly comfortable in physical surroundings and supplies. The strife has passed on into the defensive stage. It has become the struggle to *keep* a soul.

Anthropologists tell us that the loss of the soul is no mere figment of theological speech, even regarded as a race possibility. They point us to the Esquimaux as a people driven by a stronger people into conditions of subsistence fatal to the protracted existence of the higher faculties of humanity. They tell us that the Terra del Fuegans are the brutalized remnant of a race, likewise forced into an environment destructive of those qualities which we recognize as constituting the soul. This unhappy people have traditions and traces of a much higher stage from which they have fallen as the result of outside pressure.

The sociologist shows us the English stockinger, and the New England factory hand as instances of the outcome of certain tendencies and conditions. Millet pictures and Markham describes the stolid, bovine, unhuman product of a sodden, animalizing peasant life. Lyof Tolstoy is trying in all his writings to inform us how a nation may suffer from arrested development of the soul. The orgies of the French Revolution were but the demon dance of a dehumanized humanity from

which the guiding and restraining power of a man's soul had gone out.

It is against influences and circumstances which produce such conditions as these that many of our fellow men are compelled to struggle today. The aborted organs, atrophied members, structural survivals, with which the long pathway of Evolution is strewn are a great cloud of witnesses that a function disused is a function lost. There is no class of faculties exempt. The withered arm of the Hindoo fakir, the æsthetic faculties of Charles Darwin, the social, intellectual, and spiritual perceptions and capacities of the masses that ignore these possessions in their absorption in lower things, all fall under the same invariable law.

When this neglect is voluntary it is pitiful, but when the disuse—and consequent loss—is compulsory the pity is even more. Every one interested in the work of quickening the spiritual life and rousing the dormant faculties of those who are carrying on the activities of current business knows how immensely the task is increased by the overstrain to which all are subjected by their daily duties. First, there is no *time* for any thing but "business," because on that home and bread for loved ones depend. It is often the martyrdom of love, and partakes of the sublimity which always accompanies martyrdom.

Love wore a threadbare suit of gray,
And toiled upon the road all day.
Love wielded pick and carried pack
And bent to heavy loads his back.
Though meager fed and sorely tasked,
Only one wage Love ever asked—
A child's white face to kiss at night,
A woman's smile by candle light.

Literally true of multitudes, and yet how pathetic! Not only the woman's smile "by candle light," but usually the white face of a *sleeping* child! What chance have even the domestic virtues, to say nothing of sociability, fellowship, intellectual progress, or spiritual growth? Are these not doomed to disuse, degeneration, and final decay?

Something might still be done to cultivate these essential human qualities in the few hours remaining, but, alas! *vitality* has been absorbed as well as time. The workers are a squeezed sponge. Their life force has gone to lubricate the machinery of production and exchange. If study, or other form of self-cultivation is attempted,—

Over the buttons they fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream.

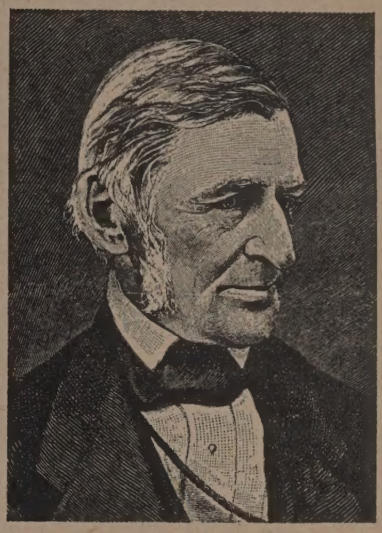
The worst feature of the situation is that it is needless. With the enormous increase of facilities for the transaction of business and manufacture, the hours of application need not be so long. The strain is much greater, the pressure much higher. The way of relief is to shorten the hours. Labor carried beyond the point where the outpput of energy is greater than the intake is suicide. Opportunity to continue human through opportunity to exercise the distinctively human qualities, this, and not indolence or selfish injustice, is the motive underlying the agitation for a shorter day. It is the struggle to keep a soul.

G. R. P.

1803 MAY TWENTY-FIFTH 1903

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

A CENTENNIAL APPRECIATION.



V.

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Emerson.

So all the world admires the true, good man,
Who was embodiment of gentle grace;
Who smiled on us with thoughtful, saintly face;
And followed out our dream's enlarging plan;
'Gainst such a soul how stands the priestly ban?
'Tis vain as when slight lines on sand we trace,
And back the tide returns to its own place;
His ocean fame and senseless scrawls would span!
His beauty is—'tis beauty for us all,
An uplift in ideal hope and deed;
The psalm of some diviner, truer creed;
The whispered blessedness of angel call—
Instilling in these longing hearts of ours—
The color and the perfume of God's flowers!

William Brunton.

Emerson as a Practical Idealist.

From an Address by Edward Everett Hale.

When the celebrated Arthur Stanley, Dean of Westminster, had finished his visit here in the year 1878, he was asked about the American pulpit. He said, in reply, that he had of course availed himself of every opportunity to hear the American preachers. He had heard preachers of eminence, he said, in almost every communion. "But it mattered not what was the name of the communion; the preacher," he said, "was always Waldo Emerson."

This word of Stanley's interprets with great precision the condition of the religious life of America today. Ralph Waldo Emerson found himself uneasy under the restrictions of ecclesiastical organization, and while he never abandoned the pulpit, he early severed himself from any ecclesiastical connection. One may say, in passing, that it is interesting to observe that Roger Williams, John Milton, indeed, many other men who have proved to be reformers, did the same thing. And this Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was, first, second, and last, a teacher of mankind, proves to be, as the century closes, the religious teacher who has done the most for England and America, and is doing most for England and America today.

* * *

I was born into the Boston which he loved, twenty years after him. I was not far away from the scenes of his work during the whole of his active life. And I

may be able, therefore, to say something of some of the outer details of that life which may make it easier to comprehend its spirit and its purpose. I shall be glad, as one is always glad, if I can do anything to present him, not simply as a philosopher, not simply as a poet, not simply as a reformer, but better than these, larger and more than these in the case of his life, if I can show him to you as what he was,—a strong, simple, unaffected, all-round man.

* * *

He was born in Boston, under as favorable auspices as could wait on the birth of any child. He had what Dr. Holmes says is the first of advantages,—a line of New England ancestors of the best stock, running back on both sides to the generation of Winthrop and Brewster. In the lines of that ancestry there were enough ministers of religion to satisfy Dr. Holmes' requisition. For this means, in a New England genealogy, that there were so many lives of quiet, thoughtful, faithful duty, in which, without large incomes or many temptations of the flesh, men and women were bred to high thinking, conscientious duty, and to sharing life with God. William Emerson, his father, was the useful, eloquent, and beloved minister of the First Church of Boston. This is the church to which John Cotton, two hundred and fifty years ago, gave dignity; where, by John Cotton's eloquence, the little village which had been a failure before was made the first town in the colony; or, as the joke of the time said, Boston ceased to be "Lost town," and that had been its nickname before. The father of this William Emerson was the older William Emerson who, from the window of the manse, saw Davis—our Protesilaus—fall dead on Concord Bridge, and saw the quick response of the Acton company as they crossed the bridge and began the war against King George. The William Emerson of the First Church died when our Emerson, Ralph Waldo Emerson, was eight years old. The grandfather, who saw the Concord Fight, was the son of a minister, a learned Greek scholar, who was the son of a minister who barely escaped with his life when Mendon was destroyed by the Indians. Ralph Waldo Emerson was therefore the fifth clergyman in direct succession of the name of Emerson. Of other New England ministers, there were Bulkeley and Moody, whose names are well known among the antiquarians of New England; Daniel Bliss, a flame of fire; and many more of that same curious literary aristocracy. Let me say in passing that, for more than two hundred years, there was in Massachusetts what the political writers call a peerage for life; they were a body of men whose incomes were secured to them by law, on condition that they should seek God, if haply they might find Him, and that they should seek for Him with all their hearts. Of such a line, our hero was the fit descendant.

* * *

I was standing with Mr. Emerson once at a college exhibition, where a young man had easily taken the most brilliant honors—a young man in whom we were both profoundly interested. It was the first time I ever addressed Mr. Emerson. I congratulated him, as I congratulated myself, on the success of our young friend; and he said, "Yes, I did not know he was so fine a fellow. And now, if something will fall out amiss,—if he should be unpopular with his class, or if his father should fail in business, or if some other misfortune can befall him,—all will be well." I was green enough and boy enough to be inwardly indignant at what seemed to me the cynicism of the philosopher. But I did not then know that when he was eight years old his father had died, and that to the penury, shall I say, of those early days—to his mother's determination that the boy should be bred at Harvard College, to the careful struggles by which each penny was made to work the miracles of the broken bread by the Sea of Galilee—he owed, or thought he owed, much of the vigor, the rigor, and the manhood of his life. "Good is a good doctor," as he said himself, "but bad is sometimes a better."

Now, it is not my place to pronounce any eulogy upon this prophet. I am not quite a fool. Nor am I to analyze his work or restate his philosophy. He states it better than I can. And I may take for granted that those who hear me can repeat the favorite instructions which he has given them, and can themselves rise to joy and vigor and life, as they recall oracles of divine truth from his poems.

No; I give myself one duty and pleasure, and I will try for nothing else. I want to show how this great leader of the idealists lives in personal touch, glad and homely, with his fellow-men. I want to show that he is not afraid to bring his idealism to test in the practical duty of commonplace life. We, who knew him, talked with him and loved him, know that he found the kingdom of heaven on earth. He found God reigning in his babe's nursery; at the post-office; when he pruned his apple-trees, and when he took the train for Boston. We want you, who have not seen him, to believe that the man of ideas was thus a human man, a man with men. He was not a dreamer. He was an actor. He taught us how to live; and he did so because he lived himself.

Here is the distinction between this great idealist and the chiff-chaff talkers who degrade that name. I could, perhaps, draw that distinction most easily by ridiculing them. Ridicule is always easy. I might sketch the Pharisee who says, "Lord, Lord," but does not the things which he says. I should in that way, perhaps, present in contrast more clearly the true religious philosopher, who goes and comes as a man among men, who is as sincere as he bids us be. But we may leave to Carlyle that abuse of shams and the unreal man. The precious thing in Emerson's oracles is that he abuses nobody. He hardly ridicules any one, though his sense of humor is so keen. His business is to elevate truth and honor, and he will not stop to vilify falsehood and shame. Dr. Holmes has drawn this contrast very neatly, where he says that in their forty years' correspondence Emerson shows how he loves what is real, while Carlyle only shows how he hates what is not real.

He had pulled through college by the hardest, knowing what are those small economies which so grieve a boy's soul. He rejoiced with the moment when he was no longer a charge upon his mother, but could do his share in caring for her. If ever man were tempted to use matchless power merely for earning money, he was that man. "Should he turn stones into bread"—when the bread was to feed his mother? To that question, to that temptation, he said, "No! Get thee behind me, Satan!" I may take as the text of his life that sublime passage from his journal written as he returned from Europe in 1833:

"The highest revelation is that God is in every man. Milton describes himself in his letter to Diodati as enamored of moral perfection. He did not love it more than I. That which I cannot yet declare has been my angel from childhood until now. It has separated me from men. It has watered my pillow. It has driven sleep from my bed. It has tortured me for my guilt. It has inspired me with hope. It cannot be defeated by my defeats. It cannot be questioned, though all the martyrs apostatize. It is always the glory that shall be revealed; it is the 'open secret' of the universe. And it is only the feebleness and dust of the observer that makes it the future; the whole is *now* potentially at the bottom of his heart. It is not a sufficient reply to the red and angry worldling, coloring as he affirms his unbelief, to say, Think on living here-

after. I have to do no more than you with that question of another life. I believe in *this* life. I believe iit continues. As long as I am here, I plainly read my duties as writ with pencil of fire. They speak not of death, they are woven of immortal thread."

To proclaim this gospel wherever men will hear, this is his mission when he lands in his own country again.

Observe, now, that here is this idealist of the idealists, who for forty years of life, after he makes this decision, never turns his back on daily life or its petty demands. He buys his mutton and potatoes like the most practical of us. If he cannot afford to buy the hind-quarter he buys the fore-quarter. If the strawberries are too dear he does not buy them. And you may search through diary and letters without finding one word of complaint. He who has proved to be the noblest of the noble, the most famous of those of fame, for years upon years of life has to practice a severe economy in his affairs; and he takes this as a thing of course, without a whimper. He plants his apple-trees like the rest of us. He takes care of them like the rest of us; badly, like most of us. He carries his letters to the post-office, and waits for the mail, talking politics. He goes to the town-meeting and listens more than he talks. He manages his own lecture courses, and makes his liberal bargains with the poor country lyceums. In one sense, a thousand million billion leagues above the world, he is, in the other sense, of the world, and in it, like you and me. He makes no pretense that he is consorting only with Abdiel and Uriel, with Cherubim and Seraphim. Like the great Leader of Life, he eats and drinks, when there is need, with publicans and sinners.

This signal practical habit shows itself, in a good instance, in all the correspondence with Carlyle. Carlyle is a man to whom the last fifty years of England and America owe much. It would be fair to say that any man of thought, in either country, who has rendered any essential service to either country in that time, has been formed largely by Carlyle. Between Carlyle and Emerson there is a world-wide difference. But Carlyle himself says, "You are, and for a long time have been, the one of the sons of Adam who I felt completely understood what I was saying." Nay; it may be that Emerson gave Carlyle to mankind. It seems as if his encouragement, his sympathy, were needed to save the sad, dyspeptic pessimist when he was in the slough of despond. It was Emerson who seized him by the hair of the head and dragged him through.

Not to stop to argue this, let me ask you to see how at the beginning Emerson appears, all through, as the God descending from heaven to straighten out Carlyle's practical affairs. He remits the half-yearly payments for the American editions. He sends the first funds of the publication of "Sartor." He never chides the growler. He always encourages. You might think him a sensible elder brother, humoring because he would encourage the wincing, fretful, unhappy child who is yet to help the world.

Emerson told me once that when, in the winter of 1848, he left Liverpool for America, Arthur Hugh Clough, the young poet, accompanied him to the ship and walked the deck with him until she sailed. Clough was sad for his departure. He said, "You leave all of us young Englishmen without a leader. Carlyle has led us into the desert, and he has left us there." Emerson said to him, "That is what all young men in England have said to me;" and he placed his hand on Clough's head, and said, "I ordain you Bishop of all England, to go up and down among all the young men, and lead them into the promised land." Alas! Clough was not one of the leaders of men: rather a listener and a follower. And the young men of England and America were left to the greater lesson of the Master of Life, —that every life must for itself drink from the infinite Fountain. The days of chieftains, of proconsuls, of dukes and barons, are gone by; the day of the boss and the magician was over when the Master of Life spoke the Word. The kingdom of heaven is open to each man who will thunder at the door. The kingdom of heaven suffers violence, and the sturdy and persevering, and only they, are those who take it by force.

Edward Emerson's memoir of his father is one charming idyl of home-life in Concord which is full of anecdotes of this infinite common-sense. It is an illustration, well-nigh perfect, of the application of eternal truth to finite necessities, the needs of the place and time. I am tempted to add to those a little reminiscence which early in life opened my eyes to the needed vision, and showed me how the most rare philosopher, because of the fineness of his philosophy, was the most human man.

So soon as quick railway-trains brought to Boston, daily, visitors from the country towns around, who went back at night, the great invention required new machinery to provide for such changes. Quite early in this affair, the Town and Country Club was proposed in Boston. I think the name was Mr. Emerson's, and perhaps the idea. It was made of men who wanted a handy place where to write a note, or leave a parcel, or meet a friend in the crowded hours between the arrival and departure of their trains. Boston has never quite met the need to this hour. The rock on which the craft split was that solid rock always in sight in such beginnings,—the stupidity of the cranks. They were eager that this practical club should consecrate itself to "hearing papers" written by people who could find no other audience. This madness for "hearing papers" is one of the most amazing of the trifling inconveniences of our time. Two parties at once appeared in the club,—the party of these cranks, and the party of workingmen who wanted a place to eat a chop, to leave an umbrella or borrow one, perhaps to look up a date in a cyclopædia, perhaps to sleep fifteen minutes on a sofa. Of this party, hard pressed in the early discussions, first, second, and last, Mr. Emerson, the great idealist, was the chivalrous and gallant leader. Always he was urging the need of practical common-sense and management. Always, in our many defeats, we rallied round his white plume. And when the club died an early death,—died, of course, of its undigested papers,—he had no tears of regret: for to the very last he had been the son of Anak who had stood by its practical duties.

I see ladies before me to whom a cup of beef-tea, a warm mutton-chop, a place for a carpet-bag, seem matters too carnal to arrest the attention of serious-minded men. Let me tell to them a more pathetic story. In the crowd of the Philadelphia Centennial, one of the queens of our American life had Mr. Emerson as her guest at Philadelphia as he studied the great exhibition. She also had as guests, in the elastic hospitality of her charming home, another distinguished New Englander, who had brought his two little boys to see the show. It happened that this gentleman was suddenly called out of the house for many hours of the night, on one of his many errands of mercy. Alas! one of his little boys awoke in his absence frightened and sick, in a strange house, to find that his father was gone. His wails of sorrow waked his little brother, and both then joined in chorus. But it was some time before these strains reached the distant room of the lady of the house. When, at length, she did run to the relief of the lonely little strangers, she found that the great idealist was before her. There he was, petting and soothing and comforting those lonely children, who were thus learning, in the dim midnight, the noblest lesson of the most divine philosophy. They were learn-

ing it in the practical teaching of the great Idealist of the world.

* * *

It must have been, I think, in the autumn of 1862, the second year of the war, that I met by invitation eight or nine gentlemen in a private parlor in Beacon Street, for conference on a public matter. The subject was the necessity of the broadest, freest, and strongest work for enforcing the principles involved in the struggle, that they might not be forgotten in our eagerness for recruiting and the crash of arms. It was a war for ideas, and those ideas must not be forgotten. For instance, it was clear that black men must fight for their freedom and their country. But there was still no small sect of Northern men who said they would not die in the same ranks with niggers. Again, it was necessary that every smallest printing office in an American town, from which was published a newspaper, should be fully informed, every week, as to the moral conditions of the great discussion. Once more, was it not time that the army, on which all depended, should have its own journal, alive with the fundamental principles of patriotism, to be a message of the Eternal Truth, as well as an instructor in tactics and strategy? In that evening meeting of eight or nine men of action, I had almost said of course, was Ralph Waldo Emerson. His word, as always, was a practical word for the time. With such voices as those of Martin Brimmer, of John Murray Forbes, of James L. Little,—leaders in affairs in New England,—you heard the voice of this prophet of the idea, as much a man of affairs as they. That night, in that Beacon-street parlor, the plan of the "Army and Navy Journal" was born. The little company formed itself into the Loyal Publication Society, and the hundreds of broadsides issued by that company were there provided for.

* * *

"The Yankee Plato," some one calls him. If you mean a Plato who is not afraid to test the Infinite Idea, as he turns the grindstone of to-day, the name is the fit one.

While he was preaching every Sunday of his life, before he had published either of his books which we now call most important, the hue and cry was started all around us that he was introducing a German philosophy or German infidelity. These words, I might almost say of course, were most frequently spoken by those who never read a word of German in their lives, and could not have read a German sentence to save their lives. They were spoken by those who at other times would have thanked God that they knew nothing of German theology, of German religion, or of German philosophy. Certainly I am not speaking as one who dreads German infidelity or German philosophy. We are all receiving too much from Germany every day, and have been receiving too much from Germany every day for a century, for any man who is not a fool to borrow such language. But I am eager to say, in showing what Emerson was and what he did, that the charge from the beginning that he borrowed from German writers was ludicrously false. It is to be observed that in his first visit to Europe he passed by Germany. He did not set foot there. He did not go to one of the universities, or make the acquaintance of any distinguished German writer. He says himself, in one of his early letters, that he never read any German except the fifty volumes of Goethe. He read Goethe, not because he liked Goethe's philosophy, for, as he says again and again, he hated it; he read Goethe, as he read the books of all other men who were many-sided men and who had so looked at the world.

Dr. Holmes has been at the pains to register Emerson's quotations. As he says, they are "like the miraculous draught of fishes." His list is of three thousand three hundred and ninety-three, from eight hundred and sixty-eight different individuals. Of this vast number, there are twenty-seven favorites whom Emerson cites twenty times or more. Among the twenty-seven, there is but one German writer, and that is Goethe—Goethe, with regard to whom he was always breaking lances with Carlyle, and of whom he has said the bitterest things, perhaps, which have been said about any man of our time. Coleridge, who had initiated England into German thought, only comes out at the end of the list of twenty-seven. In later life, so large-minded a man, so many-sided a man, as Emerson read German authors as he read the other leading authors of his time. But it is clear to any man who follows the line of his thought and his work that the prophet began to prophesy, and to mark out the line of his prophecy, without any reference to the other prophets of his time. He was what his own New England had made him; and this was a child of God who chose to go to God for instructions. He was at the headquarters, and he chose to commune with the Commander-in-chief. He was ready to talk with the other aides; he liked to talk with the other aides. But he listened every day to know what the great Commander had to say to him. And no interpretation of that word by any of these aides—brothers and sisters of his—could turn him from the Father. This is the secret of the power of Emerson.

There are possibly ten, probably not so many, such men in the nineteen centuries which we mark as the centuries of the new life—men who have been great teachers of others, because they received their instructions at first-hand. There have been thousands upon thousands of others, men and women, who have pretended so to speak, and have pretended so to receive the original instructions, but who have been tempted by this chirping of a sparrow on one side, or this thundering of an army on the other, or this diapason of an organ, or this song of an enchantress. What is interesting is that the great world makes no mistakes in its judgments of the prophets. You may imitate a prophet in his dress, in his dialect, in the tone of his voice, in the shake of his finger; he may stand before you on the same platform where the other prophet stood, and he may prophesy never so deftly in the same acents with which the prophet prophesied; but he deceives nobody. Nobody listens, nobody remembers, nobody cares. The utmost that even the newspapers say of him is that he "made an extraordinary effort;" and they name it perfectly.

Mr. Emerson himself had a story—I forget whether I heard it in a lecture or in conversation—about a New England come-outer who went into a hat-shop and selected for himself a costly hat. The hat was put up, and the dealer supposed he was to be paid, but the man whom he had thought to be a purchaser said simply, "Oh, I pay nothing for anything. I am the man who does not believe in money." The poor dealer had a note to meet at the bank that day, and hardly knew how to do it; he looked with dumb delight upon his customer, and said, "I wish to God, sir, that nobody else believed in money! Take the hat, with my thanks to you for coming for it." Mr. Emerson would say this was all spontaneous, it was natural, on the part of the customer and on the part of the trader. But when, the next day, another man, who had heard the story, came into the shop and selected for himself his hat and said that he did not believe in money, the dealer refused the imitator, where he had accepted so readily the inventor. And Emerson drew the moral from the story which I want to draw now. A prophet who speaks the word that comes to him from the living God, speaks, I may say, with the living God's power. But he who imitates the prophet has no spell.

Poor man, he was himself surrounded with cohorts, with legions, of these imitators. Every lazy dog who did not want to work, every ignorant scholar who did not want to study, every weak-minded brother who

hated law, would drift, as by some terrible central attraction, to Concord, and lay at Emerson's feet the tribute of his laziness, his ignorance, his lawlessness, or, in general, his folly. These were the bitter seeds in the food and drink of the last half of his life, when his name and fame had gone into all lands.

I remember no other such instance of visible victory waiting in one's own lifetime upon manly determination. It was my good fortune to hear, in 1837, the address which Dr. Holmes calls the Declaration of Independence of American literature,—the Phi Beta Kappa oration of July at Cambridge. So I can remember the surprise—shall I say the indignation—which the simple, solid, disconnected phrases of that address awakened among those who heard. I remember the covert criticism of the gay dinner-party which followed. I remember how afterwards men and women freely said he was crazy. Alas! I have on paper my own school-boy doubts whether he appreciated the occasion. It happened to me, forty years after, in one of the most exquisite homes in Ameria, some two miles above the level of the sea on that easy slope of the Rocky Mountains, among all the fresh comforts which make a palace as desirable a home as a log cabin, to find on the table of my hostess, who is herself one of the leaders of to-day, a new edition of this oration of forty years before. I read it then, with absolute amazement. If you will look at it to-night when you go home, you will share that amazement. For I could not find one extravagance. I could not find one word which should shock the most timid. It was impossible to understand where the craziness came in. So had he led the age in those forty years, or so had the God who sent him into the world led it, that the prophecy was fulfilled over and over again. The extravagance of one day had become the commonplace of another.

He delivered the second Phi Beta Kappa oration in the year 1867. I had the happiness to be present, and to hear him again. No one then said that he was extravagant, no one said that he was insane. No one found those grave or playful utterances exceptional. Here were a thousand of the best-trained men and women of New England, delighted that he lived, delighted that they had one opportunity more to hear the silver voice and to take home the infinite lesson. He had not lived in vain; and his reward came to him in the world which he had served.

And you and I, if we are rightly to express our gratitude for this life, if we are wisely to celebrate it, are to do so, not by writing addresses about him, nor listening to them, nor by joining in functions in his honor, but by drinking at the fountain where he drank, and living with the life of the Over-soul who inspired him.

From Thee, Great God, we spring, to Thee we tend,—
Path, Motive, Guide, Original, and End.

He found out that these are true words. They are poetry because they are true. This is no Oriental exaggeration; this is no fineness of rhetoric. Here is the eternal truth which makes human life divine, as it makes God's present love so human. In that life, the life infinite, abundant with all God's joy and strength, this prophet, and all prophets, command you and me to live. They command us, they implore us, they beckon, they quicken us; if we are wise, they compel us. We rise, so that we may see with its infinite perspective. We obey, so that we may command with its infinite power. We listen, so that we may speak with its simple truth. We live, so that we may enter into infinite joy. We *are* all kings, we *are* all priests, we *are* all children of God, and with joy we acknowledge that we must go about our Father's business.

We rightly celebrate him when, with his simplicity, we also live in the infinite and universal life.

The Unseen.

[illegible] read a bit of vagrant verse,
[illegible] straightway all the universe
[illegible] usually has blossomed into flower.
[illegible] I hear a strain of music low,
In measured cadence, sweet and slow,
And golden grows the hour.

A little child laughs at its play
Half through a dreary Autumn day,
The sun shines out again.
I do not heed the winds that beat
The dead leaves, swirling at my feet,
The drip of chilling rain.

I only know that life somewhere
Is perfected beyond compare,
When hints like these are given;
That back of all the hopes deferred
The stir of angels' wings is heard,
And whisperings of heaven.

—*Mrs. E. Mead Lane.*

Denominational Gardens.

(Continued.)

"Ain't they any Catholics?" asked Lovey Mary.

"Don't you see them holluhawks an' snowballs an' laylacs? All of them are Catholics, takin' up lots of room an' needin' the prunin' knife pretty often, but bringin' cheer an' brightness to the whole garden when it needs it most. Yes, I guess you'd have trouble thinkin' of any sect I ain't got planted. Them ferns over in the corner is Quakers. I ain't never seen no Quakers, but they tell me that they don't believe in flowerin' out; that they like coolness an' shade an' quiet, an' are jes' the same the year 'round. These colea plants are the apes; they are all things to all men, take on any color that's round 'em, kin be the worst kind of Baptists or Presbyterians, but if left to themselves they run back to good-fer-nothin's. This here everlastin' is one of these here Christians that's so busy thinkin' 'bout dyin' that he fergits to live."

Miss Viny chuckled as she crumbled the dry leaves in her fingers.

"See how different this is," she said, plucking a sprig of lemon-verbena. "This an' the mint an' the sage an' the lavender is all true Christians; jes' by bein' touched they give out a' influence that makes the whole world a sweeter place to live in. But, after all, they can't all be alike. There's all sorts of Christians; some stands fer sunshine, some fer shade; some fer beauty, some fer use; some up high, some down low. There's just one thing all the flowers has to unite in fightin' ag'inst—that's the canker-worm, Hate. If it once gits in a plant, no matter how good an' strong that plant may be, it eats down to its heart."

"How do you get it out, Miss Viny?" asked Lovey Mary, earnestly.

"Prayer and perseverance. If the Christian'll do his part, God'll do his'n. You see, I'm tryin' to be to these flowers what God is to his churches. The sun, which answers to the Speerit, has to shine on 'em all, an' the rain, which answers to God's mercy, has to fall on 'em all. I jes' watch 'em, an' plan fer 'em, an' shelter 'em an' love 'em, an' if they do their part, they're bound to grow. Now I'm goin' to cut you a nice bo'quet to carry back to the Cabbage Patch."—*From "Loney Mary" in the February Century.*

HOW THEY SPEND THEIR TIME.

She: "How's the motor car getting on, Sir Charles?"
He: "Well, fact is, I've seen very little of it. You see, I've only had it three months, and when it isn't in hospital, I am!"—*London Punch.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Second Series—A Study of Special[illegible]n of 18[illegible]

By W. L. SHELDON, Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

CHAPTER XXI.

HABITS OF STUDY.

Proverbs or Verses.

"John has been in school to learn to be a fool."—*French.*
"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing."
"He that imagines he hath knowledge enough hath none."
"He that knows least commonly presumes most."
"He who knows little is confident in everything."
"He who knows nothing never doubts."
"He who thinks he knows the most knows the least."
"Do the head-work before the hand-work."
"Work first and then rest."—*Ruskin.*
"Read and you will know."
"Reading maketh a full man, conversation a ready man, and writing an exact man."—*Lord Bacon.*

Dialogue.

Do you like to study? Tell me now frankly just how you feel about it. "Well, some," you answer. Yes, but what I wish to know is whether you really enjoy it.

"Why," you say, "we like to study *some things.*"

And what do you mean by that, I ask? "Oh," you assert, "certain studies are interesting and others are very tiresome."

And what studies do you like most? Suppose you tell me.

NOTE TO THE TEACHER: At this point spend five or ten minutes with the children getting them to name over their studies and state the ones they like most and the ones they like the least, or the ones they most dislike. If possible, induce them to give their reasons for their likes and dislikes. With a pencil in hand write down on a piece of paper the answers from each of the members of the class on this subject, no matter how long a time it takes.

But now that you have told me your feelings concerning your studies, do you think we all agree as to the ones which give us the most pleasure?

"No," you reply, "evidently not, judging from the answers which have been given." Then you assume, do you, that some persons like one class of studies and others another class?

But do you really ever enjoy study as much as you enjoy play? You hesitate, I see. Answer me now honestly. "No," you say, "really never."

That is just what I suspected. Can you explain why? "Oh," you continue, "study is *work.*" Yes. But do you not work in your play? Do you not have to work hard there?

"Yes," you answer, "but it is not quite the same; we like it so much. We do not know that we are working at the time we are playing."

Then what is the reason why you prefer play to study or work? "As to that," you assure me, "when we are at play we can do as we please. We do not have to obey rules or stick to one thing any longer than we care to do so."

And you are convinced that in study one cannot be doing just what one pleases? And so you feel that study means work, and play means doing as you please.

But is there any difference in boys and girls in this matter? Do they all equally dislike studies? How is it with the boys and girls you know? Are they all just the same in this matter?

"No," you confess, "there is a difference." Well, what kind? "Why," you point out, "some boys or girls seem to take more to study than others. They seem to enjoy it more, or to dislike it less."

Why is it that some boys and girls like to study more than others? "Well," you explain, "it is their nature. They are made that way." But do you think that is the only reason? Do you suppose that boys and girls ever begin by disliking a study and then come by and by to like it quite a good deal? "Yes," you admit, "that could happen."

And what is the cause for that? "Oh," you add, "they may become more interested in their studies." But is that the only explanation?

"Perhaps," you say, "they kept on studying it so hard, worked at it so long, that by and by they got to like it." You mean, do you, that one really *makes* one's self like it, in that way?

Do you think for boys and girls as a rule, that study comes naturally; or that usually if one comes to like it, it must be a sort of habit? "Why," you tell me, "after all, it must become a habit."

And what shall we call this habit, then? Can you think of a name for it? Being what, for instance? "Why," you suggest, "being studious."

Now you have told me that this was not an easy habit to acquire; that it is one which comes very hard—"goes against the grain," as we say.

With what kind of studies can we most easily acquire this habit of being studious; with those we like the most or with those we like the least? "Oh," you exclaim, "it is with the studies that we like the most."

It comes harder, does it, to get the habit of being studious with subjects we do not care about?

Do you think that a person might thoroughly dislike a subject at first, and by and by force himself to like it? "You think not." Well, now I can tell you from the experience of older persons. Sometimes boys and girls begin with disliking mathematics, arithmetic or algebra or geometry, and by and by they come to enjoy the subject immensely.

Do you believe that one's likes or dislikes should guide us or regulate us in the studious habits we ought to form? "Why, yes," you say, "we should accomplish more, if we cultivate those subjects that we are fond of."

Have you ever observed that where a thing comes easy to a person, somehow he never gets it as thoroughly or learns it as well as when it comes hard? "True," you admit, "that sometimes happens."

Is it then of advantage always that the subject we study should be easy for us, or that we should like it? Might we not be careless and never master that subject thoroughly? Fancy what it would mean if we neglected those subjects we dislike, before we know much about their value to us in the future!

You are right. Habits of study come hard. But which come harder to acquire, do you think; habits in regard to the body, as, for instance, training your muscles to do a certain thing; or habits of the mind, like study? "Oh," you assert, "surely habits of the mind."

But why? Suppose you train your muscles in order to play a game well. Why should that be easier than training your mind for hard work in the future?

"Ah, but," you explain, "in training the muscles for a game there is a certain amount of play in it." Yes, I suspect you are right. And so it is harder to train the mind into studious habits, because there is less play about it.

Have you ever thought what is the main point about being studious; what one special form of effort we have to make? What is it? Now think hard. "Oh," you say, "we must sit still and work." Yes, but that is not the point. We are talking about the *mind* now. Does the mind run around just like the body? You smile at that.

Yes, but I ask you seriously. What do I mean by that, do you suppose? "Why," you suggest, "perhaps it means where the mind runs off thinking about many things, jumping around from one subject to another."

Now, do you begin to see what is the chief effort we must make in cultivating habits of study; sitting still with what? "Oh, with the mind," you say.

Yes, that is the term I want, *sitting still with the*

mind. Can you find another way of describing this; sticking to what, for example? "Sticking to one subject or one point." Yes. You see the mind likes to run and jump and leap, just like the body, and it is hard to make it keep still.

What is the word your teachers use sometimes? Can you think of it,—when they want to make you study closely? "Attention?" Yes.

Hence, as you have said, the chief thing about being studious is to acquire the power of attending to one subject. Does this mean attending to one subject for two or three minutes? "No," you answer. Well, how long? "Oh, for quite a while," you say.

Being studious evidently implies being able to hold the mind on to one subject for a long time. By the way, have you ever seen boys or girls who are always changing around in their lesson books on their desks, reading or studying three or four minutes in one and then three or four minutes in another?

Now suppose a boy or girl were to do that right along, and to keep it up through the whole school time, they would still have the habit of being studious, would they not?

"No," you hesitate, "you doubt it." But why? They have been studying all the while. "Yes," you add, "but they have not been sticking to one subject."

One last point with regard to the habit of being studious. Why should we care to acquire this habit? "Oh," you answer, "in order to be able to learn our lessons in school." But is that all?

Let me ask you further. Suppose you had this habit in school and were to lose it entirely when you are grown up. Would it make any difference? Do grown people ever have to study?

"Why," you assert, "it depends on the kind of work they do." What sort, for instance, would not require study? "Oh," you tell me, "simple work, the common kind." But now what kind of work would you rather do? Would you rather be a day-laborer, shovel earth, because it is simple and easy, or would you rather have a work to do that would go on improving you all your life?

"Well," you answer, "perhaps we should rather do the work that would improve us." Yes, but in that kind of work you might have to study just as you study in school, only in another way?

I wonder if you have ever seen persons, grown-up men and women, who never can do any sort of study work, who never can sit down to read anything serious for a half-hour at a time. What is the trouble with such persons?

"Why," you explain, "one must be 'studious' to do that sort of thing, and they have not acquired that habit." Why do they not undertake to cultivate it? "Because," you answer, "it is too late, one must acquire that habit of being studious in boyhood or girlhood."

Then what form of work do you think those boys and girls who never study hard, fall back on when they get older; the higher kind, or the poorer, cheaper kind? "Why," you suggest, "probably they must fall back on the poorer, cheaper kind." Yes, you are right.

You see, the habit of being studious perhaps decides what kind of work we shall do all our lives, what sort of a position we shall occupy, as well as what we shall learn now. Hence the habit of being studious, after all, may be of great importance.

Points of the Lesson.

I. That study means work, and does not usually come natural to us.

II. That one can make one's self like a study sometimes by keeping at it long enough.

III. That the secret of acquiring studious habits is in "making the mind sit still," or in cultivating attention.

IV. That we must not judge of one's studies by the way we like or dislike them at the start.

V. That grown people may have to study as much, if not more, than children.

VI. That what we call the higher occupations for grown people, usually required a great deal of study, while those of the more common kind in the use of spade or shovel require the least use of the mind.

VII. That the habits of study we acquire, may determine whether we take to one of the higher occupations or whether we are left to one of the lower kind.

VIII. That if we neglect mind-work when we are young, we must resort to the other kind of work when we are grown up.

IX. That success in the occupations where the mind is concerned, will depend a great deal on how one acquires the habit of study in youth, and how far one is able to make one's self like study.

Poem.

"You cannot learn your lesson by crying, my man."

Duties.

I. We ought to try and make ourselves like study, because in study we are using the higher part of ourselves.

II. We ought to make ourselves like those studies which will do us the most good in the end.

III. We ought to compel the mind to work, until we come to like it.

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS TO THE TEACHER: Here surely is the opportunity for a biography. One might introduce something of the story of a life like that of Louis Agassiz. It is an inspiring narrative and one which can be made most interesting to young people. Emphasis could be laid on his early career and how he threw his whole soul and being into study; how his whole life from start to finish was of this kind. One can point out the way in which he compelled himself to work and the devotion with which he could keep on at one subject until he had mastered it. There is much which is unusually picturesque and striking in the life of Agassiz, to young and old alike. One could read extracts from his letters, or give account of his classroom methods, in the way he made his students work. Something could be brought in concerning his persistence in getting knowledge under difficulties; as, for instance, in the story of the way he acquired his knowledge of ice and glaciers in Switzerland. The whole lesson might be given over with advantage to such a biography, and it could be held up as an inspiration to the young. One must, of course, be careful in not fostering the idea that the professions are the only high occupations, as if all young people should aspire to become lawyers or teachers or physicians or writers of books. It can be shown how the necessity for study applies to a much wider range of occupations. Emphasis could be laid on the fact that use of the mind becomes very important in all labor which is above that of the spade or shovel in digging ditches or cleaning the streets. The teacher can dwell on the fact that the one chance by which a man may rise into more advanced occupations, will depend on the facility with which ones uses his mind, or the capacity one has acquired for concentrated effort. We do not wish to have study appear as merely committing to memory facts out of books or having lessons in school. This would give a false impression. We should rather identify the fact of study with the active, concentrated use of the mind in all the many ways where a final purpose is before us. It could be pointed out, therefore, how the lawyer studies, the business man likewise, the bookkeeper, the office clerk. Wherever there is a head bent down over the desk, it means "study." Elevate this word therefore in the minds of the young people, from the usual conception of it as being something which only children have to do in school, and connect it in their minds with the kind of brain-work which the more educated people have to do all their lives.

Better to feel a love within
  Than be lovely to the sight!
Better a homely tenderness
  Than beauty's wild delight!

—*MacDonald.*

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—A great integrity makes us immortal.

MON.—We must infer our destiny from our preparation.

TUES.—All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen.

WED.—Sufficient to today are the duties of today.

THURS.—I delight in believing myself as immortal as God himself.

FRI.—The right performance of this hour's duties will be the best preparation for the hours or ages that follow it.

SAT.—There is a remedy for every wrong and a satisfaction for every evil.

—Emerson in "Immortality."

March.

March! March! March! They are coming
In troops to the tune of the wind:
Red-headed woodpeckers drumming,
Gold-crested thrushes behind;
Sparrows in brown jackets hopping
Past every gateway and door;
Finches with crimson caps stopping
Just where they stopped years before.

March! March! March! They are slipping
Into their places at last:
Little white lily buds, dripping
Under the showers that fall fast;
Buttercups, violets, roses
Snowdrop and bluebell and pink;
Throng upon throng of sweet posies,
Bending the dewdrops to drink.

March! March! March! They will hurry
Forth at the wild bugle sound;
Blossoms and birds in a flurry,
Fluttering all over the ground.
Hang out your flags, birch and willow!
Shake out your red tassels, larch!
Up, blades of grass, from your pillow!
Hear who is calling you—March!

Lucy Larcom.

Sagacity on the Wrong Scent.

One day, when Cecilia Barrett went to eat her dinner with her grandmother, she talked a great deal about a little sachet she had lost.

"It was a lovely perfume, grandmother," she said, "and the dearest little blue silk case—a kind of pale blue—just lovely. But"—she shook her head slowly—"I know well enough where it is. Can I have another piece of pie, grandmother? We never have this kind. I know well enough Ruth Pettingills—well, I'll say found it; for she smells just like it and you can't deceive my nose."

Grandfather laughed as he pushed back his chair. "Please excuse me, Calista," he said, "but don't let Cecilia go until you've told her about her great-great-aunt Paulina's nose. She may have inherited it."

"Grandfather loves to make fun," sighed Cecilia, as she went out; and grandmother began to gather up the forks and spoons and put them into the pitcher of hot water.

"Your great-great-aunt Paulina," she said—"please hand your grandfather's cup and saucer, Cely—was your grandfather's aunt. You may have seen her picture in some old album, but she died before you were born. She was always discovering some wonderful thing that never was except in her imagination."

The little girl at the end of the table grew a trifle pinker than before; but grandmother wiped a spoon composedly and went on without looking at her.

"One winter her brother Ezra took in a poor, friendless boy from the state reform school. The boy's name was Henry. Uncle Ezra and his wife were kind to him and he lived with them for years and made a good man; but that first winter Uncle Ezra and Aunt Caroline were both called away suddenly one day and Aunt Paulina went to keep house. The next day she came over here and began to talk about Henry. 'He'd cleaned out the doughnut pot before I got there,' she said; 'and I can't find out what he's done with 'em, either. He can't have eaten 'em all, for Caroline always makes a pot full.' We asked her how she knew there were any, but she said she smelled them. 'Just made,' says she, 'when I got there. Ezra and Caroline hadn't been gone an hour and she must have fried them the last thing. I know doughnuts when I smell 'em,' she said.

"She stayed there a week and she hunted for those doughnuts all the time. Henry was a timid boy, used to a very strict rule and to being found fault with, and he was so afraid of her he wouldn't go into the house if he could help it. He ate scarcely anything, and that made her feel still surer that he had a hoard of doughnuts hidden away. He thought she was crazy, she talked so much to him about eating on the sly and confessing his sins, and we were afraid he would run away, but Uncle Ezra and Aunt Caroline came home at the end of the week and then Aunt Paulina went home, but not until she had found out about the doughnuts."

"Did the boy take them?" Cecilia had finished the pie and was listening eagerly.

Grandmother laughed softly as she settled the spoons in the holder. "There were not any to take. Aunt Caroline had put the pot of doughnut fat on to heat when the message came that her brother was sick and she put it away again without making the doughnuts."

"She did smell them, then," said Cecilia. "She had a pretty good nose, after all."

"She smelt a little fat," replied grandmother, gravely. "But, as Uncle Ezra said, an eggshell in your door-yard doesn't prove that one of your hens has hatched a big flock of chickens and that your next-door neighbor has stolen them all. Now, I don't know anything about Ruth Pettingill's sachet, but, if you will look in the little upper left hand drawer in your grandfather's desk, you will find yours. I picked it up on the floor after you had gone home Saturday."

"I'm very glad to get it again," Cecilia said, slowly, a minute or two later, her nose buried in the sachet. She seated herself on the sofa and watched her grandmother. "Grandmother," she said, presently, are you going to say, 'Now you see?' "

"No," grandmother smiled. "If you can't see and remember for yourself it isn't much use to do it for you."—*Sunday-School Visitor.*

A Woman's Scars.

Lillie Hamilton French in her "Old Maid's Corner," now running in the *Century*, muses in the March number, the line of thought started by a Sunday call from her old friend the Colonel, on how differently the world regards the scars of men and women, however honorably won. She says:

"The Colonel always arouses my enthusiasm; yet I never see him with that black patch over his eye, and that glove with its empty fingers, without wondering why it is that the world regards so differently the scars of men and women, even when those scars have been won in an honorable service.

"I have a clever friend from the South who, as a girl, and when the war had closed, worked in her father's tobacco fields, over the horses and over the broken-down fences, until comfort reigned at home again, and she took to letters as a profession. I saw her once hold up her toil-worn hands, full of scars, with each joint out of shape, while she said to me, laughing: 'It is sometimes easier to escape the consequences of our sins that to get away from the records of our virtues.' "

UNITY

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Not In Temples Made With Hands.

God dwells not only where, o'er saintly dust,
The sweet bells greet the fairest morn of seven;
Wherever simple folk love, pray and trust,
Behold the House of God, the gate of heaven!

—*Frederick Langbridge.*

The Congress of Religion.

SESSION OF 1903,

MEETS IN LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA,

MARCH 8, 9, 10 and 11.

PLACES OF MEETING:

Sunday and Tuesday evenings, March 8 and 10, in the Jewish Temple, corner Ninth and Hope streets.

Monday evening, March 9, in the Church of the Unity, Flower street, between Ninth and Tenth streets.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, March 9, 10 and 11, afternoons, in the Women's Club House, 940 S. Figueroa.

Sunday evening, March 8, 7:30 o'clock, opening service in the Jewish Temple: Address of welcome, Rabbi S. Hecht, D.D. Address of welcome on behalf of the Liberal Religious Forces of California, Rev. C. J. K. Jones, Unitarian.

MUSIC.

Sermon: "The Harmonies of the Universal Faith; or, The Common Hopes of Humanity," Dr. H. W. Thomas, President Congress of Religion.

Monday afternoon, March 9, 2:30, in the Women's Club House. Opening address: "The Perfect Whole in Religion," Rev. E. B. Watson, San Diego, Cal.

Address: "Mental Diversity and Spiritual Unity," Rev. S. G. Dunham, Universalist, Pasadena, Cal.

Discussion, led by Rev. Eliza Tupper Wilkes, Unitarian.

Paper: "A Bit of Personal Evolution," Madame Severance.

Address: "The Faith of the Thinkers of China," Dr. Yamie Kin, Chinese Scholar and Physician.

Address: "The Unity of Revelation in Humanity," Rev. Charles Pease, Congregational, Long Beach, Cal.

Monday evening, March 9, in the Church of the Unity, Flower street, between Ninth and Tenth.

General Subject: "The Social Unities."

Address: "The Latest Word on Co-operation," N. O. Nelson, of St. Louis.

MUSIC.

Address, Dr. George A. Gates, President of Pomona College.

Tuesday morning, at 10 o'clock, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones and Mrs. Dr. H. W. Thomas will address the Woman's League of Liberal Faith, which meets in the Universalist Church, Pasadena, Cal.

Tuesday afternoon, March 10, 2:30 o'clock, in the Women's Club House.

General subject: "Social Unities."

Address: "The Human Misfits in Our City Life," Rev. Dana W. Bartlett, Congregational.

Discussion, led by Rev. R. M. Webster, Christian Socialist.

Address: "Education of Hand and Brain," Rev. Frank S. Forbes, superintendent of the McKinley Industrial Home.

Discussion, led by Rev. F. I. Wheat, Congregational.

Address: "What Might Be Done," Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Boston, Mass.

Discussion, led by Mrs. M. B. Garbutt.

Tuesday evening, March 10, 7:30, Jewish Temple.

General Subject: "The Common Grounds of the Sects; or, the Unities of Worship."

Address: "The Future of Religion," Alfred W. Martin, Minister of the "Free Church of Tacoma" and of "The Seattle Society for Universal Religion," Independent.

Address: "The Common Grounds of the Sects," Jenkin Lloyd Jones, General Secretary of Congress of Religion and Pastor of All Souls Church, Chicago.

Parting word, Dr. H. W. Thomas.

Wednesday afternoon, March 11, 2:30, Women's Club House.

A reception will be tendered the delegates and friends of the Congress of Religion by a committee of Los Angeles ladies.

A most cordial invitation to be present is extended to every one. Remember the object of the Congress of Religion is—"The Bringing of ALL nearer together in the Brotherhood of Love."

The Congress of Religion—To unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation such existing societies as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—From articles of incorporation of the Congress of Religion.

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GEORGE N. FALCONER, Financial Secretary.
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Foreign Notes.

CONDITIONS IN INDIA.—Our Indian exchanges are full of echoes of the Delhi Durbar, which form an interesting pendant and contrast to the reports one has already read in newspapers and magazines. *New India*, with characteristic frankness and impetuosity, voices not only its own sentiments, but also quotes extensively from utterances of both the Indian and the British press, and pronounces the Durbar a failure from more than one point of view. "The form of it," says one editorial, "was extravagently oriental, the spirit was that of the commercial West; and this monstrous blending of the two must have repelled instead of drawing the admiration of the Indian princes and nobles. The princes had been forced to put themselves to enormous expense and considerable inconvenience, to attend the Viceroy's call to Delhi; and it is impossible to hold that they had any adequate return either in substance or sentiment for this heavy outlay. * * * The man in the field never cared for the show and remains absolutely unimpressed by it."

The *Voice of India* comments as follows: "When a number of bejeweled feudatories pass before the representatives of the Paramount Power and do homage, while the plebeian spectator holds up his head and looks on as if he were the occupant of a paid-for seat in a circus, it must strike one to ask if the distinction is an unmixed honor. No one indeed is responsible for the part which the chiefs have to play—and to play, let us hope, with genuine alacrity—for it is custom, the greatest tyrant before whom mankind have to bow their heads. . . . In British India, while the custom survives in so far as it relates to the princes, it has disappeared in its application to the people. Thus we have the extraordinary and incongruous spectacle of princes doing homage, while the subjects hold up their heads at full ninety degrees and criticise the Viceroy's speech mercilessly into the bargain."

The *Indian Messenger* says: "We have no doubt that as a 'spectacle,' as Lord Curzon said, it was brilliant and 'stirred the beholders.' But the country naturally expected something more than a 'spectacle.' If Lord Curzon meant to touch the hearts of the Indian people, we are sorry to say, he has completely failed. The effect of the pomp and splendor at Delhi will be disappointment and its natural sequence greater discontent."

Turning from this topic, the same paper says: "It is a gratifying sign of the times that the people and the rulers of India are alike awakening to the need of industrial regeneration of the country. The Industrial Exhibition at Ahmedabad and the Art Exhibition at Delhi show that not only the problem has been apprehended but earnest efforts are being made to solve it. The immediate and immense success of these exhibitions shows that the situation is not hopeless. The idea of holding industrial exhibitions in connection with the National

Congress was a perfect godsend. Besides doing a great and greatly-needed service to the country it has been a source of strength to the congress itself. . . Here is a tangible good coming out of the congress movement, which the people and the government can equally appreciate. Here is, moreover, a common ground where the government and the people can co-operate. Bengal can well claim the credit of this exceedingly happy and important undertaking, and the great merit of this new departure can be better appreciated from the consideration that a statesman of the acuteness of Lord Curzon has thought it worth while to hold an exhibition of a similar nature on the grand occasion of the Delhi Durbar."

This Delhi exhibition calls out the recognition that "there are two series of measures of which the credit and responsibility belong to Lord Curzon and Lord Curzon alone, on which there can be but one opinion and one sentiment, namely deep and profound gratitude. These are His Excellency's continuous interest in and efforts at preserving the antiquities of India, and Lord and Lady Curzon's patronage of the Indian fine arts. . . . Lady Curzon's fine idea of presenting a dress of Indian make to Empress Alexandra, which Her Majesty graciously wore on the occasion of their Majesties' coronation, was the greatest possible honor done to Indian art. And the Art Exhibition at Delhi . . . was the most booming advertisement that could be imagined."

Both the *Indian Messenger* and *New India* contained extended notices of the address of one of the native rulers, His Highness the Maharajah Gaekwar in opening the Industrial Exhibition at Ahmedabad, and *New India* at length printed the address in full in its issue of January 15. It is a strong, thoughtful and eloquent address that well repays perusal from beginning to end. In it the economic problem is promptly recognized as "the most tremendous question of our times," a problem on which no two people agree, except that it is urgent.

"But I do not think that we realize how urgent it is. Famine, increasing poverty, widespread disease, all these bring home to us the fact that there is some radical weakness in our system and that something must be done to remedy it. But there is another and a larger aspect of the matter, and that is that this economic problem is our last ordeal as a people. *It is our last chance.*

"Fail there and what can the future bring us? We can only grow poorer and weaker, more dependent on foreign help; so we must watch our industrial freedom fall into extinction and drag out a miserable existence as the hewers of wood and drawers of water to any foreign power which happens to be our master. Solve that problem and you have a great future before you, the future of a great people worthy of your ancestors and of your old position among the nations."

This "Hindu chieftain" goes on to speak of "the enormous gulf which separates the European and the native of India in their ideas of comfort," as illustrated and brought home to him by the Paris Exposition of 1900. He recalls the ancient industrial and commercial importance of India; traces the various causes of its decline and concludes:

"Our weakness lies in this, that we have for many years lain prostrate under the fictitious sense of our own helplessness and made no adequate attempt to react against our circumstances. We have succumbed where we should have exhausted every possibility of resistance and remedy. We have allowed the home-keeping propensities and the out-of-date semi-religious prejudices, which have gathered round the institution of caste, to prevent us from choosing the line of activity most consonant with our abilities or from seeking other lands in search of fresh markets and the knowledge of industries. The restriction against foreign travel is one of the most serious obstacles in the way of commercial success and must be utterly swept away if we are not to go on stagnating. . . . If we realize the progress of science and mechanical invention and resolutely part with old and antiquated methods of work, if we liberate ourselves from hampering customs and superstitions, none of which are an essential part of our religion, if, instead of being dazed in imagination by the progress of Europe, we learn to examine it intelligently and meet it with our own progress, there will be no reason for us to despair; but if we fail in this we must not hope to occupy a place in the civilized and progressive world."

Another notable recent utterance was that of the head of the Moslem community of India. "The Aga Khan, speaking at a great gathering of his coreligionists at the Mohammedan educational conference at Delhi, denounced, among the chief causes of their prostrate condition, the seclusion of women and the dogma of fatalism." He appealed for the founding of a Moslem university which should be a center of learning and culture not only for Indian Mohammedans but also to some extent for their coreligionists outside India. "Moslems in India have legitimate interests in the intellectual development of their co-religionists in Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan and elsewhere, and the best way of helping them is by making Aligarh a Moslem Oxford where they can all send their best students not only to learn the modern sciences, but that honesty and self-sacrifice which distinguished the ancients of the first century of the *Hijra*."

M. E. H.

Suggestions for Easter.

Extracts from Letters to Girls, by John Ruskin, with a Lenten Sermon to Girls by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Portrait of Ruskin. White and green illustrated cover. Price 35 cents.

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Second Week—Some short poems from Robert Browning's later books, "Ferishtah's Fancies" and "Asolando," by Mr. Jones.

Third Week—The Persian Rose Garden, Firdusi, Omar Khayyam, Hafiz and Saadi are some of the names that belong to this strangely remote but vital poet's corner, little known but much felt in modern poetry. Witness the sweet and subtle things from this far away time in the pages of Emerson, Edwin Arnold, Bayard Taylor, Alger's Poetry of the Orient, by Miss Anne B. Mitchell.

Fourth Week—Something more of John Ruskin, by Mr. Jones.

Fifth Week—A few more things from Walt Whitman, by Mr. Jones.

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3. Rock weathering.
   a. Agents of Erosion.
   b. Corrosion.
   c. Soil Formation.
   d. Nature of Soil Determined by the Nature of Rock, etc.
4. Rock Formation.
   a. Sedimentary Rock.
      1. Sandstone.
      2. Limestone.
      3. Shale.
   b. Metamorphic Rock.
      1. Marble.
      2. Quartzite.
      3. Slate.
   c. Igneus Rock. Examples.

II. HISTORICAL GEOLOGY.

1. Geological Ages. (Brief.)
2. Geological History of
   a. The U. S. in General.
   b. Wisconsin, Illinois, etc., in particular.
   c. Tower Hill's Place in the Entire Scheme.
3. Glacial Period.
   a. Probable Causes. (Brief.)
   b. Effects of Glacial Action Upon Surface of the Earth.
   c. Driftless Area of Wisconsin.

III. LANDSCAPE GEOLOGY.

1. Study of Local Conditions.
   a. Altitudes of Surrounding Points Found and Profiles Made.
   b. General Character of Landscape Compared With That of Madison, Milwaukee, Chicago, etc.
   c. Study of Bar Formation, etc., etc., etc.

GENERAL FIELD WORK.

I. Study of Local Ferns, Specimens to Be Pressed, Mounted, Labeled and Kept as Nucleus of Collection for Tower Hill, to Be Added To Each Year.
II. Study of Local Flowers, Treated as With Ferns.
III. Study of Local Trees.
IV. Anything that comes to hand in case a person can be found upon the hill who knows enough to direct work upon it.

Class work 8:30 to 9:30 a. m. five days in the week.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LECTURES—Most of the lectures this year, of which there will be three of four a week, will be in connection with the morning work in the history of religion and will be given by Rev. H. M. Simmons, Mr. Jones and such lectures as the Science Department may care to arrange for.

Sunday Services—The number and nature of the Sunday services will be arranged for by the local committee at Hillside and announced later.

Unattended Children—Miss Wynne Lackersteen will again assume the charge of a few unattended children under fifteen years of age. For further particulars she may be addressed Hartford, Wisconsin.

Library Class—Miss Evelyn H. Walker for the third year will give instruction in library work with special reference to Sunday school and small public and private libraries.

Sketching Classes—Lessons in drawing, sketching and water color will be arranged for as required.

Terms—A registration of five dollars admits to all the classes through the term of five weeks. This is a school, and not an assembly depending for its revenue on crowds. It is class work, not audience work. The limited number provided for makes it impossible to meet the minimum current expenses on fractional tickets. It is hoped that such will not be asked for. Course tickets for the evening lectures are sold for one dollar. Family tickets, good for all minors and those who are dependent on the one family purse, for the season, seven dollars.

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This is the host of the Summer School. It is situated three miles from Spring Green, Wis., on the Prairie du Chien division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul road. It is open for guests from July 1st to September 15th. Accommodations under roofs for about forty people. Tents with floors as required. Tower Hill is equipped with general dining room, water works, ice house, pavilion, garden, cows, team, buckboard, etc. etc.

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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

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Chicago, Des Moines, Sioux City, Omaha,
Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis,

EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK

City Ticket Office: 95 Adams Street.
Union Passenger Station
Madison, Adams and Canal Streets,
Chicago.